ful of food, we saddled our horses and

voice:
"My heart is broken. The Great Spirit

GHOST-DANCE TRAGEDY.

C. A. Hutchinson, in St. Louis Globe-Democrat: I spent the entire Tall and winter of 1890-91 on White and Upper Bid Rivers in disagreeably close prox-imity to the rear of the Sioux-who were

winter of 1850-91 on White and Upper Bad Rivers in diagreeably close proximity to the reary of the Siloux-who were defying the United States army and causing the ghost dances in the Bad Lands.

There was no particular need of my exposing myself to danger in that manner, nor did I remain from love of adventure or hope of gain, but my old chum and partner, Dick Lawson, had become madly infatuated with a protty little half-breed gift over on the reservation, and stubbornly refused to leave the country so long as she was in danger. Dick and I had "punched cows" together in Texas, Arisona, Wyoming, and finally, on the opening to settlement of a portion of the great Sloux Reservation, we had drifted into South Dakona. Dick had always stuck by me through thick and thin, and saved my life on more than one occasion, so, of course, as long as he was determined to stay, I had to sinay, too.

We traveled from one cattle ranch to another for some time, always trying to get information in regard to the movements of the hostiles and his charming step-daughter, Minne, at last we learned, from an Indian scout, that a large force of ghost dancers, in-cluding Plenty Horses' band, were coming down the Pass Creek trill age.

When we crossed White River we had to find a water hole where we could water our horses. While they were drinking, Dick observed to me, "Ahn't it kind of queer about this creek goin' dry just now? You know what the Injuns say about it?" I replied, "they claim that their new Messiah prophesiled that White river would go day; the white met be swept from the face of the continent, all the dead fundinae and burfalo come back and the red man return to his annelent state of primeval happiness, which, according to their notion, is about as nearly kaccording to their notion, is about as nearly kaccording to their new thesish and the fire dwing to the manufacture of the pass of the fire would go dry, the white met be swept from the face of the continent, all the dead fundinae and burfalo from the face of the continent,

THE AMENDE HONORABLE.

Harry Canesucker-You called me a jackass lawst night and I think you

ever get. Do you know, Dick, that this them a long time and they told me to

ever ket. Do you know, Dick, that this ghost dancing reminds me of some religious revivals I have seen back east?"

"I a'pose that it must be something in the same line, though I ain't posted on them things. Well, our hosses are through drinking, an' we must be hittin' the trail, or we won't get to Pass Creek afore the moon rises."

We left the river, climbed the steep bluff and contered rapidly across the high rolling prairie. Just as the twilight was fading into darkness we teached the edge of the wall and halted for a moment to reconnoiter the enemy's position before proceeding far.

It was a long time and they told me to be very glad, for in a few moons they leave would all be with us and twe would hunt a form the deer and buffalo upon the prairie forever and ever. The Great Splithat comes from the land of mists in the edger and ever. The Great Splithat comes from the land of mists in the deer and buffalo upon the prairie forever and ever. The Great Splithat comes from the land of mists in the deer and buffalo upon the prairie forever and ever. The Great Splithat comes from the land of mists in the deer and buffalo upon the prairie forever and ever. The Great Splithat comes from the land of mists in the deer and buffalo upon the prairie forever and ever. The Great Splithat comes from the land of mists in the deer and buffalo upon the prairie forever and ever. The Great Splithat comes from the land of mists in the deer and buffalo upon the prairie forever and ever. The Great Splithat comes from the deer and buffalo upon the prairie forever and ever. The Great Splithat comes from the deer and buffalo upon the prairie forever and ever. The Great Splithat comes from the deer and buffalo upon the prairie forever and ever. The Great Splithat comes from the deer and buffalo upon the prairie forever and ever. The Great Splithat comes from the deer and buffalo upon the prairie would be with us, and there ever and buffalo upon the prairie forever and ever. The Great Splithat comes from the deer and buffalo upon the p

"Go with your people to the creek they call Wounded Knee. I myself will meet you there and bring you a bundle of dried meat from the spirit land." Brothers, I want much to again see the face of my sister, who has been many years in her grave. When the sun rises tomorrow morning I shall be on my way to Wounded Knee."

to Wounded Knee."

White Elk ceased speaking and the crowd of Indians surged wildly about him. In the confusion that ensued it was impossible to distinguish anything that was said, so Dick and I decided to creep down to the little spring, where the Indian women usually came for water, and conceal ourselves among the bushes until something should turn up.

up. We had taken pr cautions to leave

Should apologize.
Oklahoma Bill—So do I. Trot out the other jackness.

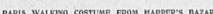
ed for a moment to reconnoiter the enemy's position before proceeding farther. At our feet the precipice descended sheer two hundred feet into the Pass Creek basin. Strange fantastic-shaped buttes and ridges, on thesides of which strate of white, red, blue and yellow starts were disclosed with menderal

earth were displayed with wonderful regularity—their singular appearance

regularity—their singular appearance still farther enhanced by groves of ev-ergreen trees, interspersed among the barren, irregular mounds of Bad Land clay, or waving triumphantly from their summits—extended in a pictures-que chaos far down toward the little cottonwood-fringed creek that rippled sions to lose its waters in the dry sands of White river.

of White river. Near the old Mission school, the out-

lines of which were already becoming





our wide-brimmed white hats back in the hills with our horses, and each of us were a saddle blanket draped about his wore a saddle blanket draped about his shoulders, so we might easily have passed in the darkness for a couple of Indians. Nevertheless we carefully avoided the camp and succeeded in reaching the spring without being seen by any one. Crouching down in the underbrush on the farther side of the draw, we began the arduous task of waiting, like the hunter stalking a deer. However, for once fortune was in our favor. We had been there scarcely half an hour when a woman was seen half an hour when a woman was seen approaching with a small, empty water cask upon her back. As she drew near approaching with a single drew near cask upon her back. As she drew near Dick grasped my arm flercely and gasped out. "Thank heaven! that's her." The girl leaned over the spring and began dipping up the cold, clear water. Dick watched her for a moment, then, putting his fingers to his lips, made a sound like a turtle dove calling to its mate. The maiden started and gave a quick, half frightened glance toward the bushes.

"Don't be scared, Minnie; it's me," said Dick in a low yolce.

"Hush," responded she in the same tones, "Are you alone?"

"Yes, 'ceptin' Bill. Come over here, Minnie, I want to talk to you."

She hid her water cask among the weeds and slipped noiselessly through the dense copse to where we stood. "How dare you come here? The Injuns might kill you."

"How dare you come here? The Injuns might kill you."

"I know, Minnie, but I had to see you once more, an' I want you to go away with us an' be my wife. Our hosses are up on the hill yonder, an' we'll be miles away afore any one misses you."

She stepped forward and half held out her hand, then suddenly stopped short, threw herself upon the ground, and burst into a tempest of sobbing.

Dick was evidently puzzled by her actions at first, but quickly surmised the cause of her grief. Kneeling beside her, he stole his arm gently about her, and drew her head up to his shoulder. "Minnie," said he, "you sure don't believe all this talk about the whites bein' wiped out, an' the whole country bewiped out, an' the whole country be-turned into a happy huntin' ground

She raised her head and looked him square in the cyes. "Did you ever know of White Elk telling a lie?"
"No, but the ol' fool is plum locoed. He an' all the rest of the Sioux have gone hog-wild over this ghost dancin'. First thing you know they'll get into a ruction with the troops, an' there'll be a ble killing." blg killin'. Yes," replied Minnie sadly, "but

sed her head and looked him

a big killin."

"Yes," replied Minnie sadly, "but there'll be no Injuns killed. Our medicine men have given the warriors shirts of thin, white cloth, through which no bullet can pass. In a few short moons you and all your people will be gone. Oh, Dick, if I could only save you!" and her sobs broke out afresh.

"Don't be worrit about me, Minnie, I'll be here when White Elk an' a whole lot more on 'em are under the sod. But I don't want you to stay with 'em, for there's sure goin' to be trouble. That tak about ghost-shirts turnin' bullets is all nonsense. I wouldn't a thought they could have made you believe that. You! A girl that's been goin' to the mission schools 'most all her life!"

Minnie straightened herself up, and her eyes flashed. "It was in the mission schools that I learned about Jesus of Nazareth, a poor, despised Jew. How he came from a people that had been conquered and plundered and tramped upon, as we Indians have been; and how he was reviled and scoffed at and finally crucified. Yet he walked upon the waters and performed many miracles. May not this new Messiah do the same?"

Then she rose and drew her blanket about her. "Good night, Dick, and—groad-by." Another instant and she was gilding swiftly away toward the tepees.

Dick watched her until her form had

tepees,
Dick watched her until her form had

Dick watched her until her form had vanished in the darkness, then came over to where I had mounted guard a few steps away.

"It's no use," said he huskily, "She's just as crazy as the rest on 'em. Læt's

Just as craxy as the rest on 'em. Let's so back to camp."

After that we continued our thankless task of riding up and down the river trying to get news from the front. One day we came suddenly upon a band of about 100 Sicux in full war paint, evidently on their way to join the hostiles in the Bad Lands. We did not observe them until it was too late to retreat, so we rode boldly forward and greeted them with a friendly "How!" They returned our salutation rather sallenly. I thought, but kept on their way without offering to molest us.

We were beginning to hope that the affair would now over without much bloodshed and pushed on up the river



PARIS WALKING COSTUME FROM HARPER'S BAZAR

Our fashion liustration this week shows a graceful and effective walking costume of the new shade of blue made of satin-faced cloth. The skirt is medium width, and is trimmed with an elaborate pattern of narrow velvet bands edged with black braiding. The waist is slightly bloused in front, but tight-fitting in the back; it is worn open, with wide revers edged with the relvet band and black braid, and there is an inner blouse of white cloth fas-

farther than we had ever presumed to go before. The weather continued delightfully mild—the finest weather I have ever seen in the north—so we were able to camp out and sleep in the open air. We were just cocking breakfast on a bright, sunshiny morning, not many miles from the mouth of Wounded Knee creek, when we heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and looking up beheld a hideously painted Sloux warrior, clad in a torn and much bedraggled ghost shirt, sitting astride an emaciated and nearly exhausted pony, which he was energetically belaboring with the end of a hackamore rope, and constantly kicking in the ribs with the heels of both moccasined feet, in a vain endeavor to accelerate its speed.

"How, cola!" shouted Dick.

The Indian instantly recognized his voice and, eliding off his sorry steed, ran up to where we were standing, and, with much gesticulation, began to recite his tale of woe. He related to us how the soldiers, drawn up on two sides of the Indian camp, began searching for arms; how, when the Indians were all huddled together on the open flat, a frenzled fan-nic had fired his Winchester at a coldier

soldiers, drawn up on two sides of the Indian camp, began searching for arms, how, when the Indians were all huddled together on the open lat, a frenzied fangate on the open lat, a frenzied fangate on the open lat, a frenzied fangate the War whoop of the Sloux; how the warriors, carried away by the excitement of the moment, had rushed impetuously upon the leveled riflers; and how the fury of their onslaught had carried the United States regulars away before it, although most of the Indians were armed only with sheath knives. Our informant assured us that he, himself, had struck down three of the troopers, and showed us his blood-statued knife to bear out the assertion. But just when it seemed certain that the day was won the Gatling guns began pouring in their death-laden misselfies. The soldlers rallied and opened a murderous cross-fire. The Sloux broke and filed panic-stricken up a long draw with the builtets shricking over unathrough them. The calvarymen had a quickly mounted and charged after them, shooting down all that came in their battle cry. "Remember Custer." He told us how, when the fight was over, warriors, old men, women, children and helpless babes were lying in mansied heaps upon the battlefield or lay wellering in their bolds, and without stopping to roil up our beds or take a mouth.

CAUGHT.

CAUGHT

and influential journals on the other side of the wateer is expatialing upon American and influential journals on the other side of the wateer is expatialing upon American and suitered to questing for the solds content to the misser for the little state of the two propers of them. The saving and an intential journals on the other side of the wateer is expatialing upon American and a daily circulation of 500. The late of the two propers of the first panel of the transport of the United States and properly be taken as a fair exponent of the United States, this particulation of 500. The late of the United States, this particular of 500 the late of the United States, this particular of 500 the late

led out the mournful death song of the Sloux.
Dick still knelt beside the corpse, his Dick still knelt beside the corpee, has stnewy frame shaking with sobs, and his tears, the first I ever saw him shed, falling like rain upon the still, cold face of his lost love. At last he rose to his feet and turned sadly toward me. "Bill, if I thought for a moment that I could follow her, I'd send a bullet through my brain, but she's away the good to mix with the likes of us in the next world. If she is an Infun." India Buys Our Pills. Merit Wins in Far-off Lands as it Does at

We buried her body in a neighboring canyon, at the foot of a big pine tree, and covered the grave with slabs of sand-stone, lest it be descrated by some prowling coyote, then rode sorrowfully

prowling coyote, then rode sorrowfully away.

Dick has never been the same man since then. He works harder and rides more recklessly than before, but he never drinks or carouses, and, while the other boys are swapping lies or bucking monte, he will steal off by himself and spend hours poring over a little blod-stained Testament that we took from Minlen bosom, when we performed those last ride funeral rites. And every spring, just before the round-up begins, when the grass is getting green and the flowers are beginning to bloom in the Bad Lands, he will disappear for a few days. The boys always wonder where he has gone, but I never tell them, though I know full well that he is visiting Minnie's grave.

gone, but I never tell them, though I know full well that he is visiting Minnie's grave.

EUROPEAN IGNORANCE OF AMERICA,
Some of the Amusiug Blunders of a Widely Circulated Paris Paper.

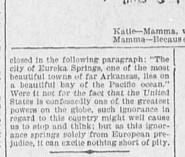
Atlanta Constitution: In spite of the means of communication which exists at present between the two hemispheres it seems that Europeans are bent upon remaining absolutely ignorant of American affairs.

Some of the mistakes made by leading and influential journals on the other side of the water is expatiating upon American problems are too absurd even to be classed in the eatagory of humor. In this connection it is interesting to quote some few extracts from the Petit Parisien. This newspaper is published in Paris, and according to the Illustrated American, has a daily circulation of sol, 600 copies. Such a paper may not improperly be taken as a fair exponent of Parislan sentiment. With respect to the war power of the United States, this paragraph occurs in the paper: The United States, this paragraph occurs in the paper: The United States, this paragraph occurs in the paper: The United States, this paragraph occurs in the paper: The United States, this paragraph occurs in the paper: The United States, this paragraph occurs in the paper: The United States, this paragraph occurs in the paper: The United States, this paragraph occurs in the paper: The United States, this paragraph occurs in the paper: The United States, this paragraph occurs in the paper: The United States, this paragraph occurs in the paper: The United States, this paragraph occurs in the paper: The United States, this paragraph occurs in the paper: The United States, this paragraph occurs in the paper: The United States, this paragraph occurs in the paper: The United States, this paragraph occurs in the paper: The United States, this paragraph occurs in the paper: The United States, this paragraph occurs in the paper: The United States, the paragraph occurs in the paper: The United States and the paragraph occurs in the paper: The United States and the paragrap

CAUGHT.



Reginald-You look pale. Let me support you, Miss Passe-Ob, this is so sudden.



Home-A Reporter's Interview with a Traveler.

From the Courier, Rochester, N. H .: traveler who has just returned from a trip around the world, recently showed a reporter samples of newspapers published in Ceylon, India, Australia and New Zealand. In reading them the and New Zealand. In reading them the i reporter noticed some advertisements of Amberican goods; particularly of a popular American medicine, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, The traveler said that wherever he went, he found this medicine on sale and very popular; and he had since learned that it has a sale over almost the entire globe. Some will say this is due to the great push on the part of the owners and much advertising; but while this may be true in part, nevertheless he was quite sure that

worst was constantly under the influence of morphine. I tried several doctors and their treatment would help me, but at last did no good, and it was the same with every remedy I took. I fell away constantly and was so thin at that time my husband's brother did not know me.

"The twins were born in February, and in the fall, having suffered intolerably all summer and not getting permanent benefit from the numerous physicians I tried, my mother came in one day and wanted me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People; so she purchased a box and I took some. This was in October, and before I had taken one box I began to feel better, and after that I took them constantly, until now I have taken seven boxes; now I consider myself practically cured, and only resort to them occasionally. I am in better health than I have been for a number of years. When I first began to take the pills I weighed 120 pounds. Now I weight 146 pounds and feel that I am cured.

"I ought also to say my blood was in a very bad way, but it was thoroughly cleared out by the pills.

"My husband was in a state of great worry during the time I was so sick, and now is more than pleased with the effect the pills have had on me, and has even tried them himself for headaches, which they have cured. I recall, too, how one of my friends in Hochester cried from joy at seeing me so benefited, since they had practically given me up, and I also had logs all hope.

"I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People to several people and thye have proved beneficial to them for complaints similar to mine.

"The permanent cure is due to these pills, and to them I give the credit." (Signed.) MUS, NELLAIR J. LORD.

All the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and

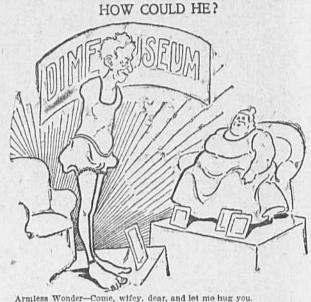
pills, and to them I give the coult. (Signed.) MRS, NELLIE J. LORD.

All the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves are contained in a condensed form, in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor staxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgis, the unstilled to the state of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, fo cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 199), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Scheneetady, N. Y.

YOU can't afford to risk your life by allowing a cold to develop into pneumonia or consumption, ipetant relief and a certain cure are aftorded by One Minute Cough Cure. Charles R. Goetze, Market and Twelfth streets; Chatham Sinclair, Forty-sixth and Jacob streets; A. B. Scheele, No. 607 Main street; Exley Bros., Penn and Zane streets; Bowle & Co., Bridgepart.



Katie—Mamma, why don't sister and her beau have a if ght in the parlor? Mamma—Because, Katle, love is blind.



GRANDPA GOT IN THE GAME.



1—Grandpa (watching the Thanksgiving games)—What's the next game? Bobbin' for apple? Well, that's a fine old game. I used to play it myself. Let's see you start.



2-Good boy, Johnny! Now, let me see if I can bob like I could sixty years ago.





4-sneezes during the operation!

